



The Bloody Butcher, And the two wicked and cruel Bawds:

Expressed in a woful Narrative of one *Nathaniel Smith* a Butcher, who lived in Maypole-Alley near the Strand; his Wife having been all day in the Market selling of Meat, in the evening went with her Husband to an Alehouse, where they stay'd till ten of the clock. and then went home together, and being in their lodging, demanded of her the Money she had taken that day, but she (being great with child and peevish) refused to give it him, he taking his Butchers-knife in his hand stabb'd her in the back, whereof she instantly dyed, for which he was Apprehended, Condemned, and Executed at Tyburn, April the 24th. 1667.

As also another Relation of a Ravisher, who in a Bawdy-house (assisted by two Women) ravished a Girl.

The tune, *The bleeding heart.*



What horrid execrable Crimes,
Possess us in these latter Times;
Not Pestilence, nor Sword, nor Fire,
Will make us from our Sins retire.
Two sad Relations that befel
Us in this Month, I shall you tell,
As dismal dreadful Deeds they be,
As ever you did hear or see.
One was the Murder of a Wife,
By wrathful Hand, and bloody Knife;
The other declares those that devil'd,
The Virgin body of a Child.
A Butcher, as we understand,
Lived near the May-pole in the Strand;

Nathaniel Smith, who lost his life,
For the sad slaughter of his Wife.
After so many years their hands,
Had been conjoin'd in wedlock bands,
Whereby came many Children small,
One wretched hour confounds them all.
This Butchers Wife did keep a Seat
In the Market-place to sell her Meat;
And was by all report that's made,
A careful house-wife in the Trade.
One fatal Evening being come,
From Market, to her latest home,
She and her Husband both went then,
To a Mithalling-house and staid till ten.

The second part,

Then went together home, where when
A little season they had been;
He in a bold imperious way,
Demands the Coin she took that day.
She being with Child, and fretful too,
What he commands she would not do;
Which, with his drink, begat a rage,
Nothing but Murther could assuage.
Words made his passion mount up higher
She was the bellows, he the fire:
Words are but wind, but yet they do,
Pierce through the Soul and Body too.
The Devil had subdued him there,
And whisper'd Murther in his ear;
Which he impatient of delay,
Doth perpetrate the readiest way.
With a strong long sharp-pointed knife,
Into the back he stabs his wife:
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone.
With one dead-doing blow is gone.
She fainted, fainted, fell down dead,
Upon the ground her blood was shed;
The little Infant in the womb
Received there both Life and Tomb.
Then was he Apprehended, by
Some Neighbours that did hear her cry
But Murther, murther, and for this,
He judg'd and Executed is.
Let this a warning be to those,
Whose Passions are their greatest foes:
And all Women have a care,
To fit those that impatient are.
Ten angry words with wrath and knife,
Has kil'd a Husband and a Wife;
An Infant too, which makes up Three,
And ruin'd a whole Family.
But mischiefs seldome come alone,
My Muse hath yet another Groan;
A Sigh, a tear, and much of moan,
To tell a Deed but lately done.
There was one Mary, a grand Bawd,
That liv'd by Lechery and Fraud;
Assisted by her Daughter Bels,
Did keep a house of wickedness.
They liv'd at Westminster, where they,
Saw a Virgin did betray:
Whose wicked actions made them rue,
Which first they did, which I'll tell you.

to the same tune.

It came a fellow thither came,
To pacifie his lustful flame;
Having a fire of Drink before,
Came to be quenched by a Whore.
They being destitute, did meet,
A Neighbours Daughter in the street;
A pretty Child, and as 'tis told,
By many, but of Ten years old.
Yet she is tempted in by them,
To serve their turn in that extrem,
And then deliber'd up to One,
Was more a Devil than a Man.
Unto this weak unwary Child,
That was unfit to be deil'd;
In order to their base Design,
They give it Brandy, Ale, and Wine.
Their hot Guest for a Wench doth call,
They brought him One, but very small;
It serv'd his turn, and he did say,
At his small Game, they standing by,
The Child resisted and cryed out,
The old Dowd choak'd her with a Clout
Stop'd in th' mouth; the fellow spoil'd,
With fury, lost the fainting Child.
The fellow having Ravisht,
This tender Child, away he fled:
But what he was, or who, is known
Not as I hear, to any one.
The two that held, and stop't her breath,
Now justly now have suffer'd Death;
Such pittie 'tis that he is fr'd,
By flight, that did the filthy Deed.
Thus have I told you Two sad Crimes,
Committed in these worst of Times;
Let all that hear me now, by this,
Take warning not to do amiss.
Return to God, reform your Lives,
Men be not bitter to your wives:
Wives love your Husbands, for bad words
Have drawn a hundred thousand swords.
Let Love and Patience both agree,
To keep us all in Amity;
Then all our bloody Boyls will cease,
God save the King, and send us Peace.

With Allowance.

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